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THE CHAURAPANCHÂŚIKA

An Indian Love-Lament

Translated from the Sanskrit

by
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

PREFACE

THE PREFACE OF THE
AUTHOR OF THE
FIRST EDITION OF
THE HISTORY OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
IS A MOST INTERESTING
DOCUMENT. IT IS A
DOCUMENT WHICH
REVEALS THE
AUTHOR'S
MIND AND
CHARACTER. IT IS
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IS WORTHY OF
THE MOST CAREFUL
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for a month's holiday to the Canary Islands, I took a transcription of the two hundred Sanskrit shlokas with me, and made this English version of them, sitting before breakfast, at each lovely day-break, in the garden at Orotava.

India still greatly admires the poem; which, if it be, as has been thought, cotemporary with Bhar. Vikram, would date from the commencement of the Christian Era. Its legend runs that a young & accomplished Brahman Chauras, at the court of King Sundara of Kanchinpur, fell in love with the beautiful Daughter of the Maharajah, named Vidyâ. The flame was mutual; and when the secret of the pair became revealed, the incensed Monarch pronounced sentence of death upon Chauras, who passed his last hours in prison, composing these verses, in praise and recollection of his lost mistress.

Each quatrain of the half-hundred constituting the poem
begins with the same Sanskrit word of reminiscence, adyāpi,
and their characteristic is a melodious & ingenious mono-
tony of fanciful passion. The story lives that the Maharajah
forgave the offence of the lover on account of the skill of the poet.
But Peter of Bohlen very justly observes: "nulla facile lingua
talia exprimere potest verba Sanscrita" and, if I reproduce
my little book just as I wrote (or grotesquely illuminated) it in
that Hesperidean palm-grove, this shall only be to amuse
scholars, lovers and ladies, not from any notion of its literary
merit

LONDON

April 9. 1896.

Edwin Arnold



श्री गणेशाय



नमः

॥ चौरपञ्चाशिका ॥



अद्यापि तां कनकचम्पकदामगौरौ
फुल्लारविन्दवदनां तनुरोमराजो !
सुप्तोत्थितां मदनविह्वलसालसाङ्गी
विद्यां प्रमादगलितामिव चिन्तयामि ॥ १ ॥

AN

INDIAN LOVE-LAMENT.

from the Sanskrit of the Chaurapanchasikâ.

1.



I am to die! yet I remember, dying,
My Soul's delight - my sweet unequalled love,
Like a fresh champak's golden blossom lying
Her smile its opening leaves; and bright above,
Over her sleepful brow those lustrous tresses
Dark-winding down, ~~thrust~~ tangled with love's caresses.

अद्यापि तां शशिमुखीं नवयौवनाद्यां
 पौरस्त्यो पुनरहं यदि गौरकान्ती ।
 पश्यामि मन्मथशरानलपीडिताङ्गीं
 गात्राणि संप्रति करामि सुशोतलानि ॥ २ ॥



अद्यापि ता यदि पुन कमलायताक्षी
 पश्यामि पौरस्त्योद्यममारुखिन्नां
 संपीड्य बाहुयगलेन पिबामि वक्त्रं
 उन्मत्तवन्मधुकरः कमलं यथेष्टं ॥ ३ ॥

2.

I die, but I remember! How it thrilled me
The first glad seeing of her glorious face
Clear-carven like the moon; and how it filled me

With tremors, drinking in the tender grace
Which, like a fine air, clothed her; and the rise
Of her twinned breast-hills, and the ~~utter~~ strange surprise

3.

Of love's new rapture! Dying I recall
Each marvel of her beauty in its blossom;
The large deep lotos-eyes, whence dew did fall
Of jewelled tears; the swelling maiden bosom -

Heavy to bear - the long smooth arms; the lips
Where, like the ~~unsated~~ Bee, Desire still clings and sips:

अद्यापि तां निधुवनलक्ष्मनिःसहाङ्गो
रूपापाण्डुगराडुपतिर्दालककुन्तलानी ।
प्रच्छन्नपापकृतमन्तरिवावहन्ते
कराठावसक्तमृदुबाहुततां स्मरामि ॥ ४ ॥



अद्यापि तां सुरतजागरधुरांगमान-
तिर्यग्वलनरलतारकदोधनेत्रा ।
शृङ्गारसारकमलाकराजहंसी
ब्रीडाविनम्रवदनामुषसि स्मरामि ॥ ५ ॥

4
I die, yet will I mind, after embracing,
When hands relaxed, and gentle strife relented,
And - loosened from the gem-strings interlacing
Their night-black threads - some wandering locks, rich-scented,
Strayed 'o'er her chin and cheek, how she would hide
Delicious flush of love, with arms close-tied

5.

over her happy eyes. Dear eyes! I see you
Shining like stars out of the shade made so,
Tearful for joy. Bright stars of morning be you
For ever to this heart! Then would she go -
Her sweet head somewhat drooping - to her bath,
With such royal glory as the Queen-swan hath -

प्रद्यापि तां यदि पुनः श्रवणायताक्षी
 पश्यामि दोधविरहज्वरिताङ्गिणि ।
 मृदु रङ्गं समुपगुह्य वताऽपि गच्छ
 नान्धिलयामि नयनं न च तां त्यजामि ॥ ६ ॥



प्रद्यापि तां सुरततारावसूत्रधारो
 पूर्णन्दुन्दरमुखो मदविह्वलाङ्गी ।
 तन्व विशालजघनस्तनयारविन्ना
 व्यालोलकुन्तलकलापवतीं स्मरामि ॥ ७ ॥

6.
Ah, dying - dying - I remember! Let me
But once again behold her so - behold
Those jet brows, like black crescent-moons, once get me
So close that love might soothe with comforts cold
The fever of her burning breast - that minute
Would have a changeless, endless Heaven in it.

7.
Yet now this but abides, to picture surely
How in the palace-dance foremost she paced;
Her glancing feet and light limbs swayed demurely
Moonlike, amid their cloudy robes; moon-faced,
With hips majestic under slender waist,
And hair with gold and blooms banded and laced

मध्यापि तां सुरतताराडवसूत्रधारी
 पूरणेन्द्रसुन्दरमुखो मद्यविद्वलाङ्गी ।
 तन्वी विशालजघनसूनयारसिन्धु
 व्यालीलकुललकलापवती स्मरामि ॥७॥



मध्यापि तां निधुवेने मधुपानरक्ता
 नीलाधरा कृशतनू चपलायताङ्गी ।
 काश्यीरगन्धधुगनोमिकृताङ्गरागा
 कर्पूरपुष्पपरिपूर्णमुखो स्मरामि ॥८॥

8.
Tis to mock Death to think how, where she lay,
What tender odours drifted from the sheets -
Sandal and musk - such as when pilgrims pray
Rise for the Gods to savour - subtle sweets
Of her rose-flesh; and, gazing in her eyes,
The love-sick chakur had the same deep dyes.

9.
And sometimes, I remember, when we dipped
Our joys in wine, how her fine blood would flush
Ruddier, to mouth and limb; and how she gripped
Wilt-liverier steps, while saffron-flowers' blush.
And Kashmir gums, and hill-deer's bag, made Sweeting
For breath too sweet, and pearl-teeth - idly eating!

अद्यापि तत् कनकगौरकृताङ्गरागं
प्रस्वेदविन्दुविततं वदनं प्रियायाः ।
तन्ने स्मरामि रतिस्वेदविलोत्तनेत्रं
राक्षपरागपरिमुक्तमिवेन्दुनिम्बं ॥ १० ॥



अद्यापि तन्मनसि संपरिवर्तते मे
रात्रौ मयि ल्युतवति क्षितिपालपुत्र्या ।
ज्ञोषेति मङ्गलवचः परिदूत्य कौपसू
वरां कृतं कनकपत्रमरालकेश्या ॥ ११ ॥

10.
Honiss and betel. How the spell re-grows
Strong in my soul of that dear face divine,
Hooded in scarlet silk, which opening, shows
The brow dew-pearled from haste, dark orbs that shine
With tremulous light of love: as when the Moon
Escapes from Rahu, round and splendid soon.

11.
Ah, my pale Moon eclipsed! How may I bear
To think on that ill hour of severing
When, in the ear of the King's Daughter dear,
(So close my mouth touched its warm gems that swing)
I murmured "jivit mangal" - "Fairest! be
Healthful and happy! I will fare to thee!"

अद्यापि तत् कनककराडलघूष्टगाडं
व्यास्य स्मरामि विपरितरतामियोगे ।

आनूलनश्रमजलस्फुटसान्द्रविन्दु
मुक्ताफलप्रकरविष्कुरितं प्रियाया ॥ १२ ॥

अद्यापि तत् प्रणयमङ्गदृष्टिगतं
वस्याः स्मरामि रतिविम्रसगात्रमङ्ग-
वस्त्रान्तरस्वलनचारुपयाचरान्त
दलच्छन्द दशनकराडनमराडन वा ॥ १३ ॥

12.

But then comes back thy mournful face, be-decked
 With ruby pendants on each perfect side,
 Wheron, in that last ill-starred hour, - dejected,
 Despondent, fearing Fate - my fond eyes spied
 What might seem rounded Diamonds, but I know
 'Twas tears which from their sick'n lids did flow.

13.

Also comes back that sidelong shaft of Sorrow
 Shot from Love's breaking bow - that sudden thrill
 Of limbs - half passion and half pang: - I borrow
 Joy from my keen delightful anguish still
 Of seeing, where the jewelled choli slips,
 Those breast-buds, and the love-marks on thy lips.

अद्याप्यशोकनवपलवरक्तहस्ता

मुक्ताकलापपरिचम्बितचूचकाग्रा ।

अत्रःस्मितोच्छुसितपाराडुरगाराडपिनि

तां वलयां अलसहसगतिं स्मरामि ॥ १४ ॥



अद्यापि तत् कनकराघनोद्देशे
तस्याः स्मरामि नावरदातलन्यसां ।

आकृष्टहेमरुचिराम्बरमुत्थितायाः

लज्जावशात्कथं च ततो ब्रजन्याः

॥ १५ ॥

14.

Goodly thou wert then, moving like a Swan,
With henna-tinted fingers like pink sprays
On the Asoka bush. The beauty wan
Of thy deep bosom took a gleaming grace,
From the stringed pearls that hung, Twittin its vale,
Down from thy crown, and temples pure and pale.

15.

Goodly were those twin smooth sides, clasped so often,
Scented and dyed with Sandal; whose excess
Of loveliness the spangled folds did soften —
The waving drapery of thy dainty dress —
Which thou wouldst girdle by a golden band
And gather modestly with heedful hand.

अथापि तां विधृतकज्जलचारुनेत्रां
 प्रोत्फुल्लपुष्पनिकराकुलकेशपाशां ।
 सिन्दूरसंलुलितमौक्तिकहारदत्तां
 आघातहमकठकां रहसि स्मरामि ॥ १६ ॥



अथापि तां गलितवन्धनकेशपाशां
 स्रस्तसूत्रं स्मितसुधामधुराधरोष्ठं ।
 पीनोन्नतस्तनयुगोपरिचाराचुम्बि-
 मक्तावलीं रहसि लोलदृशं स्मरामि
 ॥ १७ ॥

16.

Thou dost return to thought, attired divinely,
 Thy dark eyes lustr'd by the soorma dust,
 Thy long black braided tresses fastened finely
 With champaks, glad to grow there. Oh, I must,
 Even on my death-day, meditate thy lips
 Tinctured with vermeil, and the gleam that slips.

17.

At every smile, betwixt them, of that row
 Of peerless pearls thy teeth; and bangles slender
 On thy round arms; thy breath like airs which blow
 From jasmies-flowers; the mouth which was so tender;
 The eyes languorous with love; the warm dusk breast
 Where, like thy happy pearls, I took my rest.

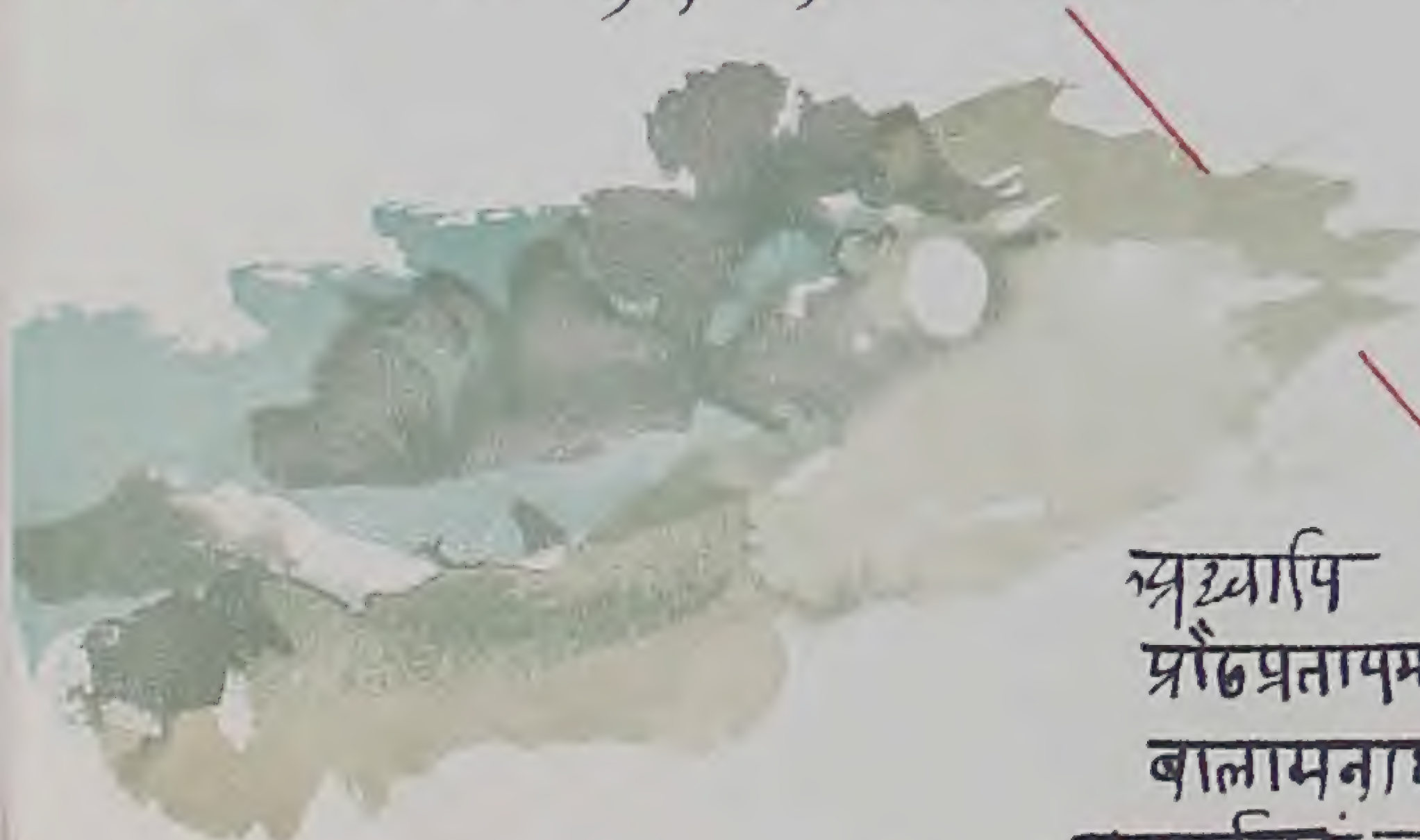
श्रद्धयापि तां धवनवेश्मनि रत्नदीप-
 मालामयूषपटलैर्दलितान्वकारि ।
 स्वप्नोऽद्य मे रक्षसि संमुखदर्शनोत्थां
 लज्जामयार्तनयनामनुचिन्तयामि ॥ १८ ॥



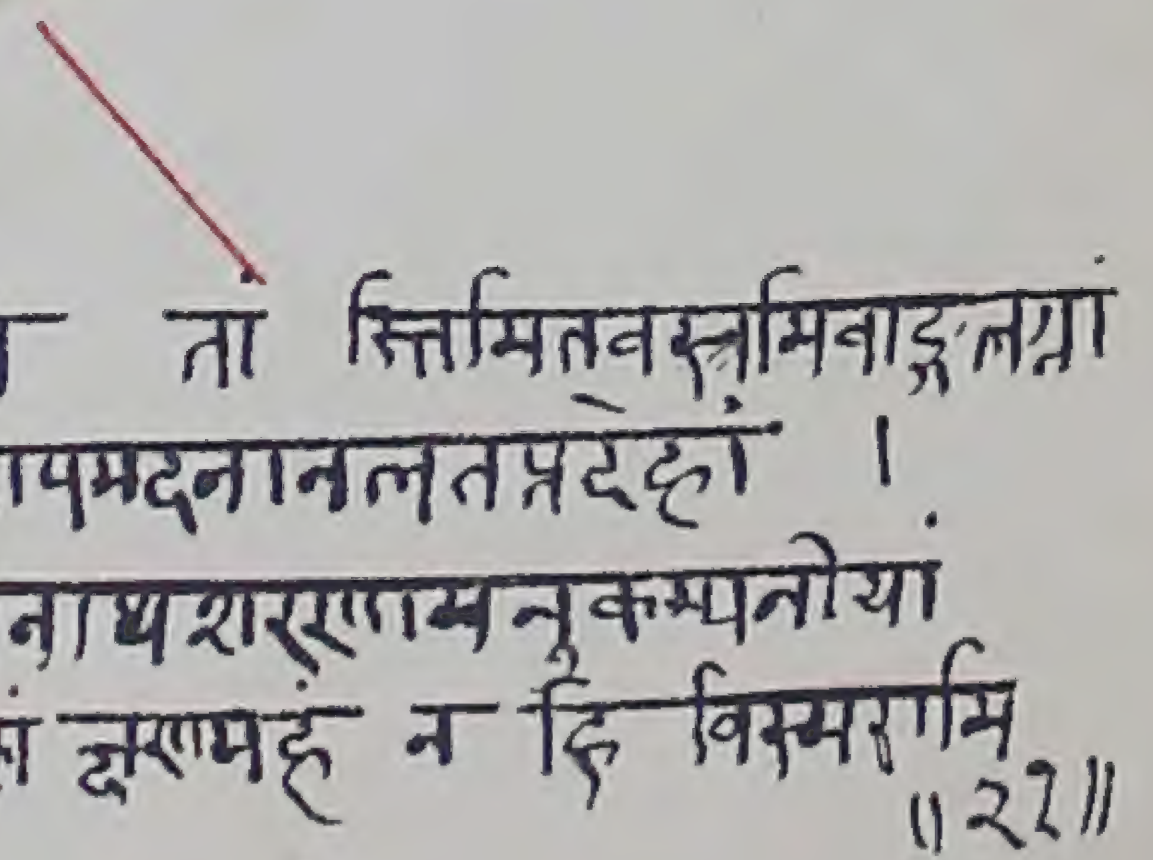
श्रद्धयापि तां विरहवद्विषीडिताङ्गी
 लज्जो कुरङ्गनयनां सुसुतैपात्र ।
 नानाविचित्रकृतमराडनमावहनां
 तां राजहंसगमनां मुहूर्तो स्मरामि ॥ १९ ॥

For, in her white pavillion, where the pall
 Of purple midnight was by glow dispelled
 Of countless flaming cressets - ranged on wall
 Like burning rubies - She, when love impelled,
 Would whisper "I am wearied, sleep is best!"
 But the dropped face, and hand-touch, told the rest.

Flower-bodied Maid! by passion's flame burned up
 Shy in thine utmost giving, with Toe's eyes
 Wistful and wild! thy beauty was a cup
 Brimmed with delicious draughts; in such sweet wise
 Bridled and chased with bliss, that speech is weak
 One wander of thy nectared self to speak.



अथवापि
प्रौढप्रतापम्
बालामनाम्



अद्यापि तां स्तिमितवस्त्रमिवाङ्गलयां
प्रौढप्रतापमदनानलतप्तदेहां ।
बालामनाथशरणमनुकम्पनीयां
प्राणाद्यिनां हारणमहं न हि विस्मरामि ॥ २१ ॥

20

Ah, to the great heart struck by Kama's bow
 Beloved! who was like thee in the throng
 Of those fair damsels dancing, with brave show,
 Within the palace-walls? when thou, with song
 And subtly-woven feet, led'st dance and strain?
 Rich cup of Love that Drinking could not drain!

21.

Nay, not for Death forego I this delight
 Of musing on thee, ~~that~~ who art life to me,
 At that time when thou wastest, bold and bright
 As if thy gauzy garments were for thee
 Too gross, as if to cool thy beauties soon
 Thou hadst a mind - as with her clouds the Moon -

ननुपि तां प्रथमतो वसुन्धरीणां
 स्नेहैर्कपात्रघटितामवनीशपत्नीं ।
 दृष्ट्वा न मे स विरहः सकुमारगात्राः
 मोहं न शक्यत इति प्रतिचिंयामि ॥ २२ ॥



ननुपि विरसितां कुचसारनम्रां
 युक्ताकलापधवलीकृतकराढदेशां ।
 तां केलिमन्दिराणां कुसुमायुधस्य
 कान्तां स्मरामि हृद्योज्ज्वलपुष्पकान् ॥ २३ ॥



22.

To bare thy silver virgin splendours, Queen
Of all dear women and desirable!

Framed to hold love as water in a well!

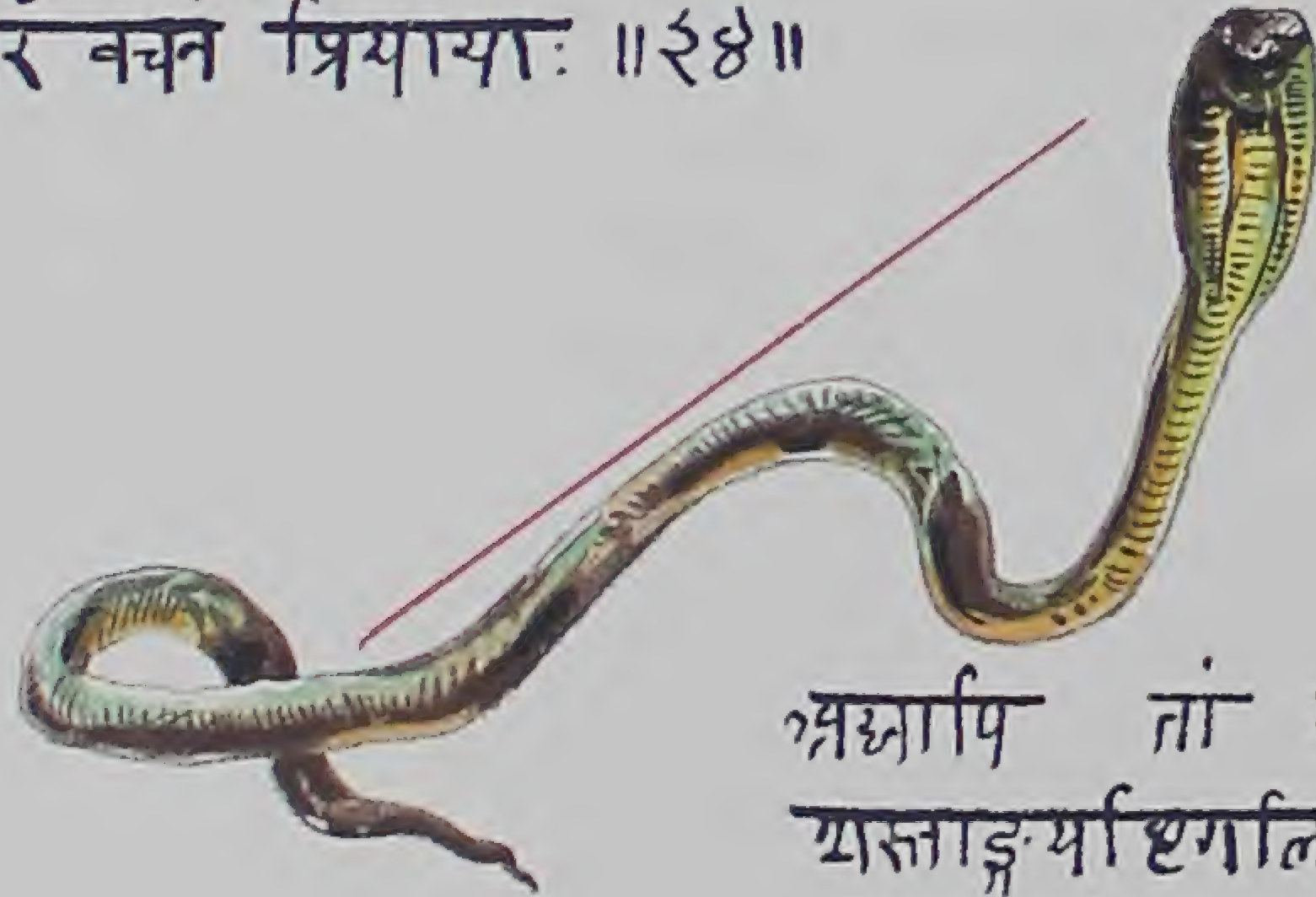
Fairer than all the fairest ever seen!

Great Brahma! Death is dear, but to be parted
From her makes death for me, so heavy-hearted.

23.

Yet I will die remembering, recalling,
The glories of her, sweet with swelling breast
Where the white strings of precious pearls were falling
What hour she paced into Love's Temple, dressed
As Kama's Priestess, with that flower which binds
The bow-string of the God of all men's minds.

अद्यापि चाटुशतदुर्ललितोचितार्थं
तस्याः स्मरामि सुरतकमविद्वलायाः ।
अव्यक्तनिस्वनितकातरकथ्यमान-
संकोशवराहविरंचनं प्रियायाः ॥२४॥



अद्यापि तां सुरतजागरभीलितार्थो
यस्ताङ्गयष्टिगलितान्धुककेशपाशां
पृङ्गारवारिरुद्धकाननराजहंसो
जन्मान्तरे निघुवनेऽप्यनुचितयामि
॥२५॥

24.

Ah, too, her gentle talk: melodious, most
 When Love's soft tremors sank it to a tone
 Of low caressing murmurs, languishers lost
 In little, wisistful sighs, words used alone
 For my most blessed ears, when secret speech
 Melted to babble, understood of each.

25.

Yes, glad or sad, alike must I recall
 Living or dying, the soft openings
 Of those tired eyes, wherein the lids would fall
 Like velvet curtains loosed from golden strings,
 And how the black locks o'er her sweet throat ran
 The ruffled feathers of my sleeping Swan.

म्रक्ष्यापि तां प्रणयिनीं मृगशावकादौ
 पश्याम्यहं यदि पुनर्दिवसावसाने ।
 पोषपूर्णकुचकुम्भयुगं वहन्तीं
 स्वर्गे तथात्र न च राजसूय स्मरामि ॥ १३ ॥



म्रक्ष्यापि विस्मयकों त्रिदशान्विहाय
 बद्धिबलाद्गतिं मे किमहं करोमि ।
 जानन्नपि प्रतिमूर्तमिद्वान्नकाले
 कातेति बलमतेरिति ममैति चोराः
 ॥ १७ ॥

26.

Ah! in those days when I might-so, at rest
Gaze in the eyes like rose's eyes, drink my fill
Of her mouth's honey; from her jasmine breast
Inhale its delicate fragrance, what they will
The gods could do! I asked none of their bliss
Nor any heavenly feasting more than this.

27.

And even now, when any dawn may bring
Such as shall slay me to the prison-gate,
Upon those days divine still pondering
I do forget the gods, the King, my fate.
Oh Than Delight! that wast the word to me,
World, Heaven, and All, I find only in thee!

प्रक्ष्मापि यो हरिणीमिव चञ्चलाक्षी
 तां मे गतिं प्रति जनैर्दत्तां तु वाच ।
 शुभा स्वर्गादिगलदश्रललाकुलाक्षी
 कान्ता स्मरामि गुरुशोकविनम्रवक्त्रां ॥ २८ ॥



प्रक्ष्मापि तां क्षणवियोगविषोपमेयां
 सुद्वे पनबहुतराममृतायिषिक्तां ।
 यज्जावधारणकरी मृदनात्सतन्दां
 किं ब्रह्माकेशवहै सुदतो स्मरामि
 ॥ २९ ॥

28.

In thee - in thee - who canst, so fond and eager
With startled roe-deer's eyes, abrim with tears,
Hearing the tidings of our 'loves' beleaguer:
Nothing less lovely in thy tender fears
Than when all days went well, and love did seem
A bliss unchanging, an unbroken dream.

29.

Tears! sparkling jewels of sweet grief! I keep
Their memory as a merchant hoards his wealth.
We twain, who could not eat, nor drink, nor sleep
Apart, whose hearts were tied - about by stealth -
By 'th' heart-strings, how could such be torn away?
Brahm, Shiva, Vishnu, what to me were they!

अद्यापि जातु निपुणं यतता मयापि
दृष्टं दशा जगति जातिविद्ये बधूनां ।
सौन्दर्यनिर्जितरतिदिजराजकान्ते ;
कान्ताननस्य सदृशं वदनं गुरौर्न ॥ ३० ॥



अद्यापि राजगृहतो मयि नोयमाने
दुर्वारमीषणकरैर्ममदूतकल्पै !
किं किं तस्या बहुविधं न कृतं मय्ये
वक्तुं न शक्यत इति व्यथते मनो मे
॥ ३१ ॥

30.

Than wert my worship, then my shrine, my home,
My faith, dear Lady of the magic mouth!
Never elsewhere, wherever my foot had come
Viewed I so noble Presence - north or south -
As thine, which was all mine; and never shall
See moon-like beauty so majestic.

31.

Moreover, every pitying thing she said,
And all her fond compassion - when those men
Fiercer than Yama's slaves, King of the Dead,
Held me beyond the Palace - neither then
Could any thanking fitly pay; though now
They bring me this full heart and bursting brow.

अद्यापि तन्निधिं दिवा हृदयं दुनोति

पूर्णसुन्दरमुखं मम बलभाषाः ।

लावण्यनिर्जितरति दत्तकामदर्पं

मूयः पुरः प्रतिपदं न विलोकेयते यत् ॥ ३२ ॥



अद्यापि तामविहतां मनसा चलेन
संचिन्तयामि युवतीं मम जीविताशां ।
नान्योपयुक्तनवयौवनमारुसारां
जन्मान्तरेऽपि सैव गतिर्यथा स्यात् ॥ ३३ ॥

32.

For, day and night, her grace makes grief transcended
Since never once again can I behold
The countenance so kind, shining more splendid
Than moon at full, the charms which did unfold
All whatsoever Kama, Lord of Love,
Hath in his armoury of spells above.

33.

And thus it is Death's advent shall not alter
My steadfast musing on the good days lost:
Myself I will forget, but will not falter
Thinking on her whose lovely love hath cost
My life, yet is its hope, and stay, and pleasure,
And, being gone, rests still mine only treasure.

यद्यपि तद् वदनपङ्कजगन्धलब्ध-
 प्राम्यद्विरेफचयचुम्बितगराड्युग्मं ।
 लीलावधूतकरपलवङ्गुशान्ता
 द्रायोऽपि मूर्च्छितमनः स्तरां मदोयं ॥३४॥



यद्यपि सा तखपदं स्तनभराडले यत्
 दत्तं मयास्यमद्यपानविमोहितेन ।
 उद्विन्नरोमपुलकैर्बहुभिः प्रयत्नात्
 जागर्ति रक्षति विलोकयति स्वरामि
 ॥३५॥



34.

They cannot force me cease to see, sweet Lady!
Though my tears blind me, that delicious face
Which wild bees, wandering in jungles shady
Might deem Kadamba, take for honey-place;
They cannot make me cease to hear the jangle,
Though this be torment, of thy jewelled bangle.

35.

Oh me! I was the Bee who sucked his fill
From fragrant chalice of that gold-leaved flower,
Breast-deep. Know I not well how it did thrill
Beneath mine eager clasping, in that hour
When love waxed well-nigh cruel in quick kisses,
And passion welcomed hurts that mixed with blisses.

अथापि कोपविमुखीकृतगतकूपा
तोक्तं वच प्रतिदर्शति यदेव पूर्व ।
चुम्बामि रोदिति भृशं पतितोऽस्मि पादे
दासस्तव प्रियतमे भज मां स्मरामि ॥ ३६ ॥



अथापि धावति मतः किमदं करोमि
साद्यं सखीचरति वासगृह सुकान्ते ।
कान्ताप्रगीतपरिहासविचित्रनृत्ये
क्रीडाचिरम् इति यातु मदीयकालः
॥ ३७ ॥

36.

Yea! and we tasted midst that nectared drink,
 Touch of division which doth make love meek:
 Of our dark hour of discontent I think
 When nought to my hot wooing she would speak;
 But with averted visage turned to fly
 While, at her knees, I clasped them, and did cry

37.

" Pardon me! love me! all my life is thine
 I am thy slave! " Ahi! the loss to-day!
 All, all is gone! those moments so divine,
 The gilded bowers, the games, are passed away
 The dances of the Nautch-girls, and the beat
 Of dancing-drums with all which was so sweet.

अद्यापि न खलु वेद्य किमीशपत्नी

शायागता सरपतेरथ कृष्णलक्ष्मी ।

आत्रैव किं त्रिगतः परिमोदनाय

सा निर्मिता युवतिरत्रदिदृक्षया वा ॥ ३८ ॥



अद्यापि तां जगति वर्णयितुं न कश्चित्
शक्तो ह्यपृष्टसदृशो च परिग्रहं मे ।
दृष्टं दूयोः सदृशयोः खलु येन रूपं
शक्तो भवेद्यदि स एव परं तु नाभ्य ॥ ३९ ॥

38.

Too sweet to last! Was it enchantment-then?
Shiva's own consort? Indra's 'Urvashi'?
Or Krishna's 'dattakini', designed to dwell with men
A little space, and for a space to be
Of all Three Worlds the Pearl, and Star, and Story,
That He Who made her might put forth His glory.

39.

For, surely, never mortal on this Earth
Beheld such excellence, or pictured it
As of that beauty dusk 'which was from birth
Mine, and untouched by any else. The wit
Of words falls short to tell her smallest wonder;
He knows who made the sky, and sun, and thunder.

अप्यापि तां नयनकज्जलमिश्रमश्रु
विश्रान्तकरां युगलं दधतीं विरुष्टां ।
कान्तां स्मरामि धनपो न पयो वरुष्यां
श्यामामनल्पगुणा गौरवशो भ्रमानां ॥ ४० ॥



अप्यापि निर्मलशरच्छशिगौरकान्ति
चेतो मुनेरपि हरेत् किमुतास्मदोयं ।
वक्तुं सुचारुसमयं यदि तत् प्रपद्ये
चम्बाम्यहं न विरहो व्यथते मनो मे
॥ ४१ ॥



Since, sometimes in her humour, she would flash
 Like the swift lightning; and her angry tears
 Would wash the soorma off from lid and lash
 As 'twere June rain; while in her rose-leaf ears
 The rubies swung, and the great rounded breast
 Broke the gold lace-strings of her broided vest.

Yet, let me most recall her red lips smiling
 Tinged with the safflower like two autumn moons,
 Her teeth to dazzle saints; her glance beguiling
 Which beckoned meaningly to lover's hid bones
 Oh lips! oh mouth! if once more I might press
 Your perfumed softness Death would not distress.

अद्यापि तत् कमलरेणुसुगन्धि वक्तुं
तत्प्रेमवारि मकरध्वजतापहारि ।
प्राप्नोम्यहं यदि पुनः सुरतैकतीर्थं
प्राणांस्त्यजामि नितरां तदवाप्तिहेतोः ॥ ४२ ॥



अद्याप्यहो जगति सुन्दरलक्ष्मणं
चान्योन्यपीवरशराविकसंप्रपन्ने ।
अन्याभिरित्युपमितं न मयावशक्यं
नूपं तदीयमिति मे हृदये विषादः

॥ ४३ ॥

42.

Red honey-flower of Love! paired lotos leaves!

That had the lotos-dust, and lotos-dew -

That heavenly moisture which 'loves thirst relieves

And quenches Kama's flame-; if I and you
Came once more close enough to touch again

Kill me! Death would not strike with too much pain.

43.

But now I die, with spirit discontented

Since none can know as I do how to praise
That rare, surpassing, finished form, invented

To be the gem of Women, in all days

Chief Pearl of Virgins, and in all the lands

Queen-Maid of all the queenliest maiden-bands.

अद्यापि सा ह नवयौवनसुन्दराङ्गी
रोमाञ्चवोचिविलसच्चपलाङ्ग्याष्टिः ।
मत्स्वान्तसारसचलद्विरहोच्चपङ्कजं
किञ्चिद्भयं प्रथयति प्रियराजहंसो ॥ ४४ ॥



अद्यापि तां नृपतिशेषरजपुत्रो
संपूर्णयौवनमदालसधूर्गनेत्रां ।
गन्धर्वसदसुरकिन्नराजकन्यां
साक्षान्नमोनिपतिनामिव चिन्तयामि
॥ ४५ ॥

44.

Stateliest of ladies! to this heart sore-stirred,
 Passed like the lotos on a troubled stream,
 Then shewest like a red-plumed River-Bird
 With dainty gait and plumes superb, that seem
 To shine one moment in the tremulous glass,
 And then the gleam is gone, the shadows pass.

45.

Stay! stay in sight, thought, - soul! I will not quit thee
 My Princess of the dancing lighted eyes!
 Wanton with youthful loving life! I'll fit thee
 With fancies new and fresh! Not woman-wise
 Muse I upon thee, but as Dev come down, -
 Gandharva, Yaksha, Kinnara - the Crown

सध्यापि तां प्रशामिनो कृशवेदिमध्यां

उत्तुङ्गसंयुतसुखात्तनकुम्भभृग्मा ।

नानाविचित्रकृतसराङ्गनम्रसिङ्गनाङ्गो

सुप्रगेत्यातां निशि दिवा न हि विस्मरामि ॥ ४६ ॥



सध्यापि तां कनककानिभृतालसाङ्गो
बोडान्मकां मदनमोनिविकम्पमानां ।
नङ्गाङ्गसङ्गपरिचम्बनजातमोहा
मलीवनौषधिभिव प्रमदा स्मरामि

॥ ४७ ॥

46.
Of some celestial Realm, yet unto me
All maid and woman wert thou: most of all
When, rising from linked sleep, safe I might see -
From nape to foot-palm - all thy glory tall
Like a carved column stand, the sculptured bosom
Its splendid capital. Then, o'er the blossom

47.
Of night-dewed beauty she had cast the shade
Of silken scarf and jewelled gold; but - tender
At parting - these and weariness she laid
Aside, 'my gentlest joy!' and would surrender
The yielded mouth and neck, and once again
Give what could turn to Paradise Hell's pain.

प्रक्ष्मापि तत सुरतकेलिनिरस्त्रयद्व
 बन्धोपबन्धपतनोत्थतशून्यहस्ते ।
 दन्तोऽपीडनतरवक्षतरक्रसिक्ते
 तस्याः स्मरापि रतिबन्धुरनिष्ठुरत्वं ॥ ४८ ॥



प्रक्ष्मापिद वरवधूसुरतापमाग
 जीवामि नान्यविविक्ता क्षणमन्तरा ।
 तच्चात्र मे मरणामेव हि दुःखयान्ते
 विज्ञापयामि प्रवतस्वरितं लनोद्दि
 ॥ ४९ ॥



48.

Infinite ecstasy of nameless bliss!

Dear combat, where to lose was Victory,
Hands knit with hands, like flower-stems twisted! Kiss
That would find close, but could not end, till we
Hurt one another in the ache of Love!
Ah, how in dying doth such memory move!

49.

But dying now is best, since she is left—
My peerless Spouse, my Spirit's sole delight.
I do disdain, in what of days are left

To live without her. If my death be right,
Come quick, I bid ye, who must do this deed,
And be my heart from anguish forthwith freed.

प्रद्यापि नोज्जति ह्यः किल कालकुण्डं
कुर्मो विद्यति वरुणो खलु पृष्ठकेन ।
प्रस्थोर्निधिर्वहति दुःसहबाडवाग्निं
प्रद्वीकृतं सकृत्तनः परिपालयति ॥ ५० ॥

॥ ५० ॥



॥ इति श्रीचौरमहाकविना रचिता स्तोकपञ्चाशिका समाप्ता ॥

50.

Fast Lover to the last, I die. My faith
Is kept as true hearts use. So Shiva's neck
The wave-blue poison-mark for ever hath,
And ever doth the monstrous Tortoise-Back
Sustain the Earth; and ever the strong Sea
Quenches the Nether Fires, as Death doth me.

THE END.

